

The Frances Shimer Record

April, 1926



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO _____ dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, within _____ months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.



The Frances Shimer Record

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Facts toponder

By PRESIDENT WILLIAM P. MCKEE

1. The fact that the registration for next school year is almost twice as large on March 22nd as it was a year ago on this date.
2. The fact that nineteen states and foreign countries are now represented in the student body. The "Chicago Special" carried two first-class passenger coaches with nearly every seat full of girls returning to their homes for the spring vacation.
3. The fact that more and more parents are deciding that Frances Shimer School is an ideal place for their daughters to study. It looks now as though we shall be obliged in September to turn a number of girls away because of the lack of dormitory space, as we did last September.
4. The fact that plans are now in the making to raise a fund of \$250,000 with which to provide a new gymnasium, a new dormitory and additional endowment, in order to take care of the girls who want to come.
5. The fact that a number of workers are already on the field preparing for the initial effort of the campaign that will be made in Mount Carroll the latter part of April or early in May. Mr. Allan H. Bissell has been chosen to direct the work, while Mr. Alonzo F. Cagle will serve as Staff Manager, assisted by a group of workers. We hope all our friends will share in this worthy undertaking.

The Plan of the Campaign

By The Director

1. To secure an adequate mailing list that shall serve as the basis of our circularization and solicitation.

We are working on that now, and will be for some days. A request has gone forth to the alumnae and other friends to send names and addresses on specially prepared blanks. If any reader of these lines has not received a blank, let him or her advise us at once. We must have names and correct addresses and other information about prospective donors. Assistance will be much appreciated.

2. Publicity.

We expect to publish one or more attractive pieces of literature portraying what Frances Shimer has; what she needs, and what we hope to provide thru the helpful cooperation of her friends. That's one reason why we want names and addresses, and why it is urged that their names be sent in at once.

An experienced publicity director will be on hand before these lines are read, and we shall try to tell the story of Frances Shimer and portray her glory so that her daughters shall be proud and moved to worthy action on behalf of the Expansion Program.

3. Our Objective is \$250,000, with which to provide a new gymnasium, a dormitory and additional endowment.

Pledges will be taken with the privilege of paying over a period of two or more years. A donor may elect his or her own plan of payment.

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It is expected that all former students and graduates will give sacrificially and cheerfully to this first appeal of the old school in what is the 100th Anniversary year of Frances Shimer, the worthy founder and great benefactor of the School.

4. A Campaign Staff.

Several experienced men are already at work on the task. Others will follow soon. These men will organize and solicit the friends of the school. Volunteer workers will be used so far as may be possible. All former students and graduates will be given an opportunity to subscribe, as also all friends of the school. And it should be a pleasure to respond to this great educational opportunity.

5. Beginning at the Home Base.

We shall follow the logical order by giving the trustees, students and faculty of the school the first chance to subscribe; then will follow Mt. Carroll and Carroll County; then the wider field. Wherever the school has rather large groups such as in Chicago, an early and systematic approach will be made.

Let not the friends of Frances Shimer plan how little, but how much they can give in this hour of Opportunity.

As it Looks to Me

By Allan H. Bissell

I'm a stranger here. Perhaps I should say, 'I was a stranger here,' for I have been taken into the college fraternity and now breathe the fine atmosphere of Frances Shimer School. And I am convinced that I made no mistake in undertaking to raise some needed funds for this time-honored institution.

1. It Looks Attractive.

The substantial buildings, ten in number; the spacious campus; the beautiful and serious-minded girls; the painstaking and able president; the well-trained and enthusiastic faculty; the cultural and inspiring atmosphere; the splendid possibilities of continuous growth, if provision can be made for that growth, all combine to make what we who compose the campaign staff call 'a good selling proposition'.

2. It Looks Urgent.

Frances Shimer School has much that is beautiful and useful and necessary, but she lacks some things that are unquestionably needed. Among these needs are a new gymnasium to take the place of the present inadequate gymnasium, and for which the girls have waited long; a new dormitory to provide for girls who want to come and cannot because of a lack of room; also more endowment to take care of the expected expansion, and to continue to meet the high standards of the North Central Association of Schools and Colleges.

3. It Looks Reasonable.

The Frances Shimer School has been extremely modest in her asking for financial assistance. There have been few instances when a local ap-

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peal was made, once following the disastrous fire of 1906; then a few years ago when \$40,000 was raised for the New World Movement. But the School got in return from the Baptist Education Board \$60,000 with which McKee Hall was erected. This present appeal will be the first general appeal the School has made in all her seventy-three years of honored history, the first opportunity her friends have ever had to subscribe to an Expansion Program. Of course, they will respond worthily.

4. It Looks Challenging.

There are disadvantages in blazing a new trail, in calling on people for the first time to do something they have never done before. That's one reason why our task has in it an appeal to the heroic. But that is not the only reason. We are out to ask the friends of Francis Shimer to invest in our girlhood, our future womanhood and our homes. There is nothing finer, or higher or more sacred. And it should stir us to dare to do our best.

5. It Looks Possible.

It Can Be Done. The Expansion Program can be put over on time and as planned if the Alumnae and friends of Frances Shimer will do their noble part. As Rotary expresses it,

'You can have prosperity if you will pay the price with faith, work and cooperation.'

To succeed we must believe. 'Faint heart n'er won fair lady'. Nor anything else worth while. And we must work if we win. 'All at it and always at it.' To quote Kipling—

*It's not the individual
Nor the army as a whole;
But the everlasting teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul.*

The hour will come and the moment when each friend of Frances Shimer will be proud or ashamed of his or her part. May the record be one over which all shall rejoice.



LITERARY

HAPPINESS

A Crystal Moment,
The soul soars;
It carries you upward
Through mist and haze,
You see Life,
Stripped of its surface,
Naked, gleaming, pure—
The Glory of Eternity.

DESPAIR

A stark moment,
The soul sinks;
It grovels in the darkness
Through sordid realities,
You see Death
Clothed in pitch,
Covered, smoldering, soiled—
The end of everything.

HOPE

Endless hours,
The time passes;
It leaves both Despair
And Happiness in its wake,
The struggle ends,
And through the blackness
We find the beauty of life
Of which we have had glimpse.



REFLECTION

The day is passing into the West,
And the sky is aflame with color;
Purple for the royal deeds of daring ones,
Shafts of golden light for laughing souls,
Crimson splashed for lovers true.

And mellow blue from secret trysts.
Strips of jagged green for envy,
Drops of rose from dying wounds,
Clear amber for ushered tears,
And white for precious sacrifice.
All the glowing, living mass
Is up-gathered from the earth.
The end of day reflects the life
And carries the soul onward.

—Mildred Augustine, College '26.

If we only knew——
The corners of the earth
Are full of happiness.
If we only knew——
The corners of our lives
Are full of happiness, too.
If we only knew.

Helen MacDonald, College '27.

Sunset

Away in the West, where the sun's golden ray
Is deep'ning to red at the end of the day,
The mountains, majestic, rise blue as the sea,
At the end of the plains, calling to me.

Below me, the city all hurry, distress,
Is cheered by the gold of the sun's last caress——
And away near the hills the mists settle down,
And the world's hushed and peaceful in country and town.

And still by the light of the lingering sun
I watch the blue hills where my day's task is done;
And always I long for the lakes and the streams
That lie in the peace of the hills of my dreams.

—Margaret Wilder, College '27.

Their Quarrel

"Prudence," sternly commanded Mr. Cushing, "you shall not marry that young man. I will not allow it."

Prudence, with her dark violet eyes flashing, lifted her chin, marched out of the luxuriously furnished reception room and, with a defiant little stamp of her right foot upon every other step, mounted the stairs.

Having reached the second floor, she slammed the door behind her as she entered her room, and then flung herself across the bed. For a few seconds she pounded one of the pillows unmercifully with her tightly

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clenched little fists, but suddenly sat upright with her legs crossed tailor-fashion and gazed across the room at her reflection which greeted her from the oval mirror of the little dressing table.

As the modern youths phrase it, she was not "hard to look at". Her flushed face with its scarlet lips and sparkling eyes was crowned with red gold ringlets, bobbed and shingled in the latest fashion. She was outrageously pretty and her slim body with its boyish grace would lead one to believe that choosing high heeled dancing pumps to match exquisite little frocks would be her chief worry and chief occupation. Her size was deceiving. She could outswim any of her boy friends, two of whom were no mean athletes, and could drive cars—any make—with the expert casualness, which her aunts had mistaken for recklessness. In her tweed knickers and high laced boots she took as much pleasure in hiking ten miles as in dancing that distance in her ridiculous little slippers, at a tea-dance. Prudence had surprised all her friends by graduating from college with highest honors, and to those who did not know her, she was a continual surprise. Her appearance was against her—every one would have thought it impossible for her to be wise and clever since she was so attractive and adorable. Her name, Prudence—how she hated it—naturally associated in people's minds with good, meek, prim little maids, was the cause of all her trouble in life, she always vehemently argued, for every one was always believing her to be something she was not.

As she gazed thoughtfully into the mirror, Prudence began to plan. Since her father had forbidden her to marry Jim, it seemed to her, more strongly than ever, that she *must* marry him. That was Prudence. She bounced off the bed with a single leap and began hurriedly to run here and there across the floor, snatching her toilet articles from the little table, dresses from the closet with its full hangers, tumbling everything all together in a mixed heap in her little traveling bag. It began to fill up in an incredibly short time, to Prudence's dismay, for she had not put in half the things she felt she would *have* to have. But there was no time to waste. She snapped the bag shut with a click; jammed her hat on her head, tilted it to one side and smiled at herself with satisfaction; and then slipped into her fur coat. She was ready.

Downstairs, Mr. Cushing sat before the fireplace in his study. He drew hard on his old pipe. He was troubled, and realized that he had not come out victorious in this first real tiff with Prudence. How he hated scenes! And he and Prudence had been *such* pals.

His friends had always joked about Cushing's run-away marriage and, when his wife died at the birth of her baby girl, they had watched him with interest, for he was the only child of wealthy parents, who had died shortly after Cushing became of age, and he had always been such a happy-go-lucky sort of chap, and "such a good sport".

And indeed, Cushing had remained "a good sport". He had tried his best to make life pleasant for his little Prudence, in his own way (he could not think of marrying again), and had lavished all his love upon

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his daughter and, after she had reached her teens, had lived again with her in true comradeship, his carefree life.

And now to think that some little upstart had stolen Prudence from him. That was what hurt most—to think that Prudence wanted to leave her Dad who loved her so, and who had had to be both mother and father to her.

Cushing had not realized that Prudence had grown up during the last few years, and although he knew that she had been seeing Jim Gay quite often during the last few months, he never thought anything serious would develop between them.

"Jim Gay's a nice chap," he mused, "have nothing against him personally, he's a fellow club member, of good family with plenty of money, and best of all, is a good sort, a kind of a fellow one would want his daughter to marry. But hang it all, I don't want Prudence to marry *I* want Prudence. I *had* to give up the other Prudence," here his eyes became misty, "but I *don't* have to give up little Prudence. I'll just go up and tell her how I feel, and maybe she'll kiss her old Dad and make up before she goes to bed. I really oughtn't to have acted the way I did to Jim, tonight; but when he said he wanted to marry Prudence I—well, I just couldn't bear to hear the proposition. And it all seemed so unexpected." Thus he pondered; then after he had put his pipe upon the mantle, he quickly ran up the stairs and rapped lightly on the door.

"Prudence," he called, "come to your old Dad and forgive him. I'm awfully sorry, Honey. I was so cross. Come on down stairs and let me hold you on my knee as I used to do, and talk to you a little while before you decide to turn in."

It was ominously silent as he waited for a reply. Some inner sense told Cushing that Prudence was not in her room. Nevertheless, he tried to laugh at his fears, and, to assure himself that he was merely a little overwrought because of the quarrel and that his nerves were all on edge. He opened the door and sticking in his head called, "Prudence," this time a little mildly, for as he glanced hurriedly over the room (the light had been left burning) the full significance of the scene smote him at once.

Drawers were perilously sagging, ready to fall out of the dressing table, the door of the clothes closet stood open where were revealed several empty hangers, and pinned to the shade of her boudoir lamps fluttered an envelope.

Cushing strode across the room. With a hand slightly trembling he unpinned the piece of paper. He was anxious and yet unwilling to read what he felt he already knew he would find written in the note.

"Oh Dad dear," he read, "can't you remember *how* you wanted mother, your Prudence? And can't you realize how I want Jim? I want and love both of you and can't bear the thought of giving up either of you, so Dad, have a lunch ready about 11:00 P. M. for I'm coming back to make up, then, as Mrs. Gay. Think of it, Daddy!—There's Jim's whistle. I hope you didn't hear him, but you won't, you're too peeved right now; and

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Daddy, I planned the elopement, don't blame Jim for it. It's all my 'doin's' just as it was yours about twenty years ago.

"With heaps of love,

"Prudence."

Cushing glanced at his watch and fled to the ice-box. It was 10:45!

—Alice Rose, College '27.

"Turn-ups and Cabbage"

"Boston!" shouted the porter, and the train came to a stop.

I hurriedly put on my hat and coat, but, where was my purse? Like a foolish and excited school girl I had mislaid it; however, after a short search I discovered it caught in the sleeve of my coat. As usual, I was the last one to leave the train.

Taking my bag from the porter's hand, I looked around. No Jack in sight. Was this the way my long anticipated week-end was to pan out? Tired and hungry, I took a cab to my sister's house, hoping to hear some explanation for Jack's absence. I delivered the general routine of "How-do-you do's" to the family, and then sister took me to my room. There on the dresser I found a note addressed to me. Yes, it was from Jack. He had broken his leg yesterday, and now, thinking only of myself, I was without a partner for the Junior Prom.

My next move was to dress for dinner and await further news. One look at my bag was enough. To my horror something was wrong. In place of my pink crepe nightgown was a pair of lavender striped pajamas. Nothing looked familiar. Was I crazy when I packed my bag? The apparel spread out before me was anything but a woman's wardrobe—bow ties, underwear, stiff evening shirt, tuxedo, socks, shoes, and handkerchiefs—nothing I could use. What on earth was I supposed to do? It was easy to see what had happened. I had exchanged bags with a young man when the porter had carried out the bags. Dick Simpson I believe was his name—yes, there it was in the corner of his handkerchief. My hopes were all shattered; it certainly did seem as if bad luck was coming my way. But I would not give in.

The spirit of recklessness seized me. Why not wear these clothes, go to the Prom, and experience the fun of being a stag? This settled in my mind, I powdered my nose and went down to dinner, fully determined to keep my plans a secret.

"What did Jack have to say?" inquired Betty.

"Er—a—why—a—oh!" I stammered. "He is calling for me at nine o'clock."

"Jack must be quite a man now. I haven't seen him for years, and I am anxious to see him tonight," offered my sister.

I was so nervous and excited for fear my wild escapade would not work out that I could scarcely eat. I finally managed to change the subject and tried talking to Bob.

After dinner we visited for a little, and in the conversation I gathered all the possible information about a man's actions at a prom. Bob

had gone to Harvard, and of course he knew. Fortunately for me, my sister developed a violent headache and had to go to bed. She was out of the road; now to tackle Bob. At last, having inveigled him to go to the club, I went upstairs to dress.

At nine I called a cab and silently slipped downstairs, stopping long enough in the hall closet to get my brother-in-law's evening coat. I was off—how was my adventure to pan out? Oh well, Columbus took a chance; why not I?" I shrugged.

At the Prom at last; it was easy to get in, because there were so many others stalling it. I watched them to see what to do next. In order to get the first dances, I hurried out before the others, no one taking me for a girl on account of my boyish bob.

I glanced around, and suddenly my gaze fell on a beautiful girl whose dress was exactly like the one in my lost bag. She was alone, so I took advantage of my part in the scene and asked her to dance. She explained in a whisper that she had lost her voice the day before cheering at a football game.

She kept staring at the frat pin on my vest, and the last half of the last dance we sat out together. Suddenly she surprised me and said, "Say, I have been looking at that pin all the evening, and seeing that you're a Phi Delt I must confide in you, as brother to brother. I'm in a terrible mess. Had a peculiar accident this morning—my grip was exchanged by mistake for that of another, and all the clothes were those of a young girl. I could not miss this prom, so I dressed in this beautiful outfit. From the appearance of these things this girl must be wonderful. I'm going to meet her if it takes me all my life. Now will you help me out?"

In the cab I realized my story would have to come out. "Wouldn't it be better if you took me home, Dick?" I stammered in my own voice, a little shaky.

At once his face registered amazement, and then changed to realization as he drew my hand to him, saying, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Edith Warner, College '27.

Lost and Found

Miss Minerva thrust her peaked nose out between the white ruffled curtains too late to see who had just slipped by her window.

"Now I wonder who that was," she thought as she pulled the last basting thread out of the hem of Mrs. Thompson's new black taffeta.

It was very much out of the ordinary for any one to pass that white beruffled window without Miss Minerva Pratt knowing exactly where he had come from, and exactly where he was going. But some one had just slipped by, and Miss Minerva had caught no more than a fleeting glimpse of a dark figure. With her mouth full of basting threads, she flew to the kitchen window, but she was too late again. She was about to turn to the side window when she noticed an old basket on her back step.

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"Those pesky youngsters," she breathed to herself. "I'll teach them to leave their dolls and trash on some one else's porch besides mine." As she stooped down to pick up the basket, a queer little noise came from underneath the covering, that caused her to step back very much surprised; and then she turned a shawl back and exposed a wee baby just waking up from his morning nap.

Upon seeing a long nose and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles staring at him in bewilderment, he immediately took up the cue, and became as frightened a little baby as any other tiny bit of humanity would have become under similar circumstances.

"Well now—who do you suppose?" gasped Miss Minerva, as her mind flashed back to the dark figure that had shadowed her window a few minutes before. Already she was framing some terrible tragedy that had brought the babe to her door-step. A high staccato voice wasted no time in summoning all the interested neighbors, and on their arrival the poor squirming little baby was thoroughly inspected, talked over, and examined.

Just why the babe was left on Miss Minerva's step was a mystery in itself; for poor Minerva had always shown a profound dislike for the children of the neighborhood, who were always tramping in her flower beds, getting dirt on her freshly scrubbed walks, and leaving their play-things strung over her yard, and on her porch.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Everetts promised to spend the rest of the morning trying to find a suitable home for the poor little waif, for surely it was out of the question to expect Miss Minerva to keep him.

The Bakers over on the hill had always wanted a little boy, and Mrs. Stone was so lonesome since her little boy had died. There were others too, but Mrs. Brown thought most of the others would prefer a little girl.

In the next hour, the news had traveled from mouth to mouth, until almost every person in Evansville had heard of the orphan found on Miss Minerva Pratt's back step.

Mrs. Mullen had been busy over her wash tub all morning, but she stopped a minute to exclaim, "Mercy, what a shame!" as her neighbor related the news over the back fence.

Jimmy—come bring Mother a pail of water." Mrs. Mullen turned toward the house when no response came from the boy. She called again but received no answer. Had Jimmy run away? Mrs. Mullen hurried to the front lawn calling and calling. In her excitement she aroused several neighbor children whose efforts brought a puffing little Jimmy on the run, who wore a look of disgust that everyone in the neighborhood should be "yelling at him".

"Aw! What's the matter?"

"Jimmy, get me some water, and *where* is the baby?"

"I left him on Miss Pratt's steps."

To the great relief of the whole of Evansville, the lost baby was found, and a good home and a mother were secured for the poor little waif left on Miss Minerva Pratt's back step.

Viola Shirk, College '27

"Wanted---Good English"

As Violet Meriton, a pretty bride of six months, daintily set the breakfast table in the small, white, sun-filled breakfast room of her attractive little bungalow, she hummed a tune, and wore a smile on her face. After placing the percolator full of piping hot coffee and two halves of grapefruit on the table, she went to the back door and called her husband, Dick, who was filling the radiator of his car, preparatory to his drive to the city.

"Come, Dick dear, breakfast is now served;" she called lightly.

Dick never needed to be called twice to eat; consequently, he appeared at the door of the garage at his wife's call. When he came in, they seated themselves at the table and began their breakfast.

"Darling, I feel like I can fight the world today," Dick said, as Violet brought in an appetizing platter of bacon and eggs from the electric range in the kitchen.

"Oh, I'm so glad," Violet responded as she smiled across the table, "because one can accomplish so much more when he is in that mood."

Ten minutes later, Dick pulled his watch from his pocket.

"Holee Smoke, but it's gotten late all of sudden. I sure have got to hurry if I get to the office at eight bells."

The only bad habit which Dick Meriton had was the use of incorrect English! This one fault, however, served to cause him much embarrassment in his business as well as in his social life.

Violet spent the first part of the morning cleaning her new home; this was still quite a novelty to her. After cleaning, she baked a delicious lemon pie for their supper, for Dick was so fond of lemon pie.

At noon, when Dick called from his office—the distance was too great for him to drive home for lunch—Violet was eating her solitary lunch and reading the morning papers.

"Hello, dear, I see you've got your name spoken of quite complimentary in the paper, for entertaining the Whist Club.

"Yes," Violet laughed, "some one must have been highly impressed."

"I still feel like I did this morning, but so far I haven't accomplished much."

During the afternoon, an incident occurred which caused Dick's buoyant spirits to decline. While he was very busy in a conference with a patron, one of the office boys of the firm came busting into Dick's office. Dick refused to listen to the boy, but he seemed to be very anxious to tell something. After the customer had left, Dick summoned the boy.

"Now, Ralph, what's up?" Don't you know I've told you repeatedly not to come bursting into my office like that."

"Well—ah—but, Mr. Meriton, I—I—I heard something about you, an' I thought you ought to know."

"All right, out with it! What terrible thing have I gone and done now?"

"When I was dustin', I heard Mr. Barnes, the president, say to his—his—what is it?"

"Yeh, his lawyer, that you was the man he'd put in for sales—sales—sales-manager, but you didn't use good enough English, whatever that is, I thought maybe you'd know what it was."

For a moment Dick was stunned. To think that he might be promoted from a twenty-five-hundred-a-year job to a seventy-two-hundred one, had he only at his command the use of proper English.

"An' the boss said that you was the right man for the job, but nobody would buy anything from you 'cuz you didn't use good Eng-lish."

The minute that Dick entered the front door of his cozy home, Violet looking unusually attractive in a dress of rose, which blended wonderfully with her dark hair and eyes, sensed the low ebb of his feelings, and tried to find out the cause of it.

Dick usually remarked how nice she looked, but tonight, after kissing her in an absent-minded way, he dropped into the overstuffed davenport in front of the fire-place, where a cheerful fire was burning to relieve the chill of the early summer evening.

In a moment Violet was beside Dick, pleading with him to confide in her the deep trouble which he must have undergone during the afternoon; but he refused to tell. Even the delicious supper including Dick's favorite dishes, only brought forth a faint appreciative response from Dick, who always praised her for the extra work she did just to please him.

After supper, when they were seated on the davenport, Dick, unable to bear it any longer, broke down. The soft light of the lamp placed on the table immediately back of the davenport mingled with the light of the open fire and cast a mellow glow over the attractive living room, and Violet thought she could see, by the dim light, lines of care that had never been visible before on her young husband's face.

"Tell me all about, Dick dear, and we'll find some way out of it."

"Usually you can, Dear, but this is one thing you can't help."

"Well, we'll try anyway."

For some minutes after Dick had finished the story, Violet sat contemplating the fire, lost in thought. At length she brightened.

"Dick, I have a plan. I used to teach English in high school, and I haven't entirely forgotten all my grammar, so we'll begin to have a night school for a few nights. It won't take long to brush up on your grammar, and you'll get the position yet."

Dick dubiously shook his head. "No use, Sweetheart; he don't wait for anybody, and that would be too long."

"When is the man to be chosen?" Violet queried.

"I don't know, but probably within a week. You hadn't ought to have to spend your evenings teaching me something that I'd ought to have learned in third grade, but just think, honey, what the job would mean. Seventy-two hundred dollars a year, but what's the use?"

Ten-thirty found Violet drilling Dick on Grammar. This procedure took place on three successive nights, and Dick began to be hopeful. On the fourth day, however, it was rumored about the office that Mr. Barnes

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had chosen a younger and much less experienced man than Dick. He went home that evening more disheartened than ever.

"I knew it wouldn't do any good, but I thought he might give me another chance."

"You don't know for sure that the man is chosen, Dear. We'll have one more lesson anyhow."

At ten o'clock the next morning, the telephone in Mrs. Dick Meritone's bungalow tingled softly. Violet was greeted by Dick's cheerful and carefree voice. She knew at his first word that something had happened.

"Violet, darling, I have just come from an interview with Mr. Barnes. He told me had been paying particular attention to my English during the last week, and he didn't know why, but it had improved so remarkably that he offered me the position of sales manager of the company at seventy-two hundred per. Isn't that too good to be true? And, my dear, I owe it all to you."

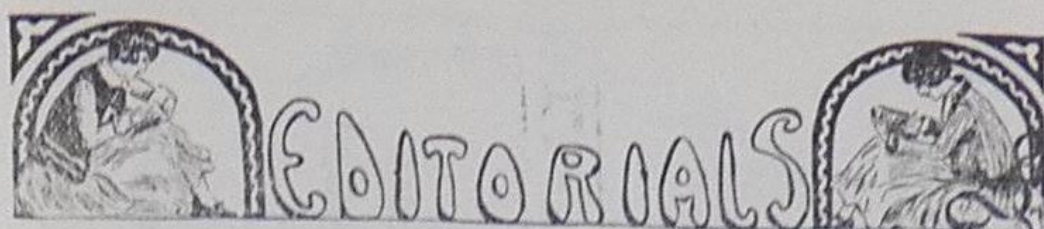
Tears of joy filled Violet's eyes, but she responded in a cheerful voice. "Oh Dick, I'm so happy. I knew you could do it."

Oh, but it's all due to you, and we're going to celebrate tonight. You meet me at the office at four-thirty, and we'll have supper and go to the theatre. I knew you could find a way, you always have!"

Violet had saved the day. She answered Dick's advertisement: "Wanted—Good English."

Dorothy Runkle.





Our beautiful new library, a gift of the Campbell family, with small contributions from other sources, has already meant much to the students of Frances Shimer. The crowded condition of the old library made it impossible to add many new volumes to the collection, but with the added space that the new library affords, it has been possible to increase the number of reference books. Nearly two thousand new volumes have been added to the collection, through the generosity of Mrs. Hazzen, instructor in Music at Frances Shimer from 1878 to 1896, and Mrs. Sawyer who graduated in 1871.

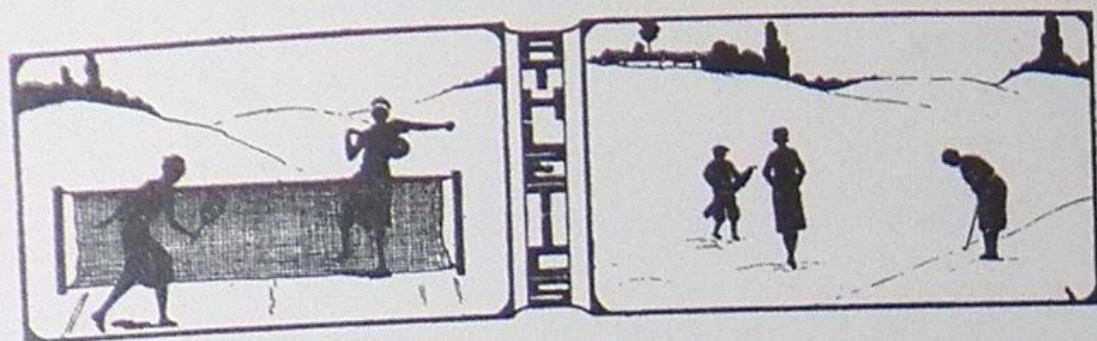
I believe that all of us appreciate the new library with its better equipment, and its pleasant atmosphere. Let us, then, make it an incentive to do better work.

Loyalty

Every girl who has walked underneath the rows of tall, stately pine trees on campus, who has breathed the air of the "quad" at six-thirty, who has trudged up the stairs of Metcalf to chapel, who has carved her name on the "exam" boards, who has eaten Katie's chocolate cake—every girl who has Frances Shimer as her Alma Mater—will either represent the Maroon and Gold or, there is but one alternative, she will misrepresent those glorious colors.

So, girls, let us make this syllogism true:
Good students represent the ideals of a school;
We are good students;
Therefore we all represent the ideals of F. S. S.

Our School is judged by us, so let us present the true spirit of the Maroon and Gold. "The School gives us her name; let us be ashamed to disgrace it."



The Basket Ball Tournament

Thursday March 12 marked the close of our Interclass Basket Ball Tournament—something “new and different” in F. S. S. Athletics. Competition was very keen among the classes and the gym was the scene of much excitement during the last two weeks. A remarkable spirit of good sportsmanship was prevalent among the teams and the rooters were very loyal in the support of them.

The schedule and returns were as follows:—

March 1. Underclassmen vs. Juniors—8-51

Senior vs. Freshmen—1-32

March 4. Underclassmen vs. Freshmen—10-24

Juniors vs. Sophomores—25-6

March 6. Underclassmen vs. Sophomores—2-32

Juniors vs. Seniors—44-9

March 8. Freshmen vs. Sophomores—29-14

Underclassmen vs. Seniors—9-14

March 12. Seniors vs. Sophomores—8-30

Juniors vs. Freshmen—9-20

Giving first place to the Frosh College Team.

A Basket Ball Banquet was held Saturday night, March 13, at the Glenview as an appropriate culmination of the tournament. The College Frosh team as winners of the tournament, Miss Morrison, the Dean and Mrs. McKee were guests of the four other teams.

After dinner, Helen Cavanaugh as toastmistress carried things off in true Cavanaugh style. “Dorto”, Soph. captain, gave a few remarks about good sportsmanship.

“Reed” thanked the loyal supporters of the teams and “Steiny” followed with a toast to the varsity teams, unknown at the time. Then the toast mistress introduced “Mlle. Francois Kernohan” who gave a French toast to “Franlein Luenzman, “the best coach and referee in the world.” “Gracie” followed with a fervent appeal for a new gym. In closing, Miss Luenzman announced the varsity teams amidst the applause of the banqueters.

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College Team

Brown, J.
Grobber
Hower
Kernohan
Mitchell
Taft
Wade
Williams

Academy Team

Ewing
McKenzie
O'Banion
Polacheck
Reed
Steinaker
Taylor
Thompson

Laurel links were awarded to Ruth Touzzalin, high honors to Jane O'Boyle, and thirteen big letters and nineteen small ones awarded to others.

The last big event of the season was the Varsity game between College and Academy on March 15, a fitting climax to a successful season. The College team was victorious, having a score of 332 against the Academy's 14.

The Volley Ball Tournament

On March 15, the College Academy volley ball game took place. Three games were played, two of which were won by the college team.

A luncheon for the winners, Miss Luenzman, and Ruth Howell, head of volley ball, was given at Smith's on the same day. After a short talk by Miss Luenzman, large letters were awarded to Ruth Howell and Margaret Wilder, and small ones to Mary Dunn, Louise Sykes, Bernita Bundy, and Edith Pollock. The captains of the teams, Louise Sykes, and Lolita White, also gave short speeches. The luncheon concluded the volley ball activities for the year.

Honors and Emblems

The number of honors and emblems won last semester is proof of the interest that has been displayed in athletics. The small emblem is given to girls who have thirty points, and the large emblem to those who have won sixty. One hundred and twenty points are necessary for High Honors.

The twelve girls who are to receive small emblems are Josephine Barnes, Lucille Bowmen, Mary Goode, Helen Grobber, Dorothy Leach, Elizabeth Phelps, Emily Reed, Margaret Schoenfeld, Bernice Taylor, Stella Thal, Margaret Wilder, and Harriet Witherell. The number to receive large emblems is, quite naturally, smaller, totaling only seven:—Gene Harrison, Ruth Howell, Beth Hower, Laurel Phillips, Myra Polacheck, Marvel Steven, and Elizabeth Van Westrum. Jane O'Boyle is the only girl to receive High Honors.

Our champion hikers are Lucile Bowman and Bernita Bundy, the former having walked seventy miles, and the latter sixty-five miles in the hikes of the first semester.

Let us keep up the good work, and swell the list to at least twice its size next semester.

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The Quill Pen Club

At an informal meeting held early in February, in Miss Pollard's study, the following officers were elected for the June term of the Quill Pen: Frances Kernohan, president; Marvel Stevens, vice-president; Margaret Schoenfeld, secretary, and Mildred Augustine, treasurer. It was then decided that the Quill Pen should devote its energy to help bring before the study body, the necessities and advantages of Good English Week. The combined efforts of the members of the Quill Pen resulted in the production of a Mock Trial, staged in Chapel, for the purpose of convicting persons guilty of murder and slandering "The King's English". During the months of March and April the Quill Pen hopes to swing back into regular routine, that of holding two monthly meetings; one devoted to the discussion of the works of some great personage in literature, the other to the fostering of local talent.

McDowell Music Club

The Club has had some very interesting programs under the leadership of Jeanette Butler. On February 14, Janice Coshun told us about the life of Wagner and played a few of his masterpieces on the Victrola. A musical program was given by Vera Harper on February 28. We hope for more of these meetings in the future.

The new members of the Club have received their pins.

"Green Curtain Dramatic Club"

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club began its activities with the initiation of four new members, namely: Josephine Ewing, Eleanor Stromer, Edith Warner, and Agnes Reeves. Now, with a membership of fifteen "dramatic artists", the club is ready to do some real things for F. S. S. A program has been planned for presentation in chapel during "good English" week. "Au Revoir" for you shall see us in print soon again.

Honor Roll

First Semester—1925-6

Feb. 26, 1926.

Honor Roll: Students having average of 85 in each subject, scholastic.

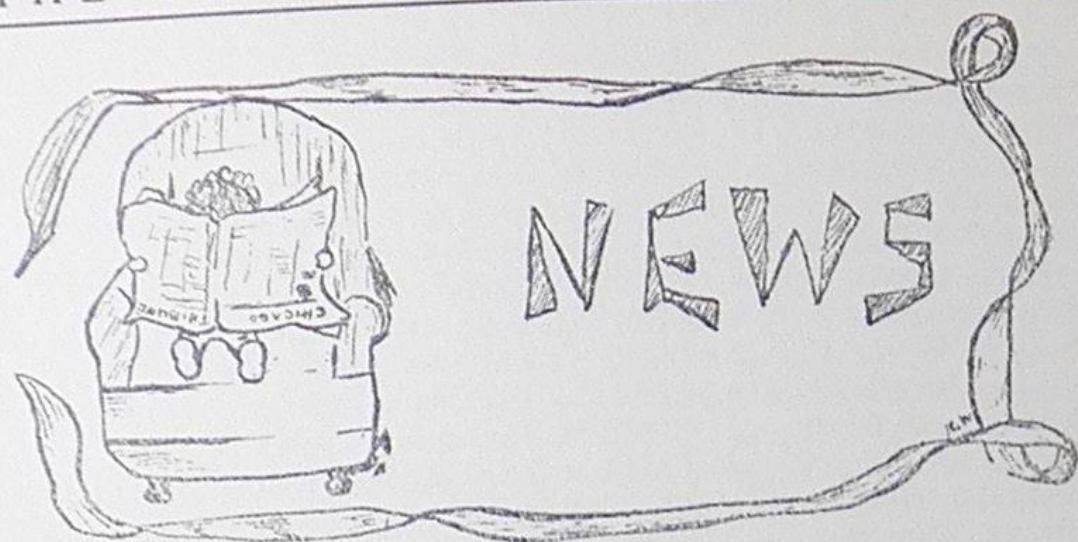
Bachmann, Estella	93.875	Kinney, Mary	89.8125
Brown, Jessie	93.375	Bailey, Marion	89.625
Runkle, Dorothy	92.666	Fenske, Marguerite	89.625
Carr, Elizabeth	91.8	Smith, Lucille	89.625
Finley, Sara	91.75	Schoenfeld, Margaret	89.5
Guylee, Frances	91.666	Spealman, Violet	89.3125
O'Banion, Lois	91.375	White, Muriel	89.
Butler, Jeannette	91.	Brown, Mercedes	88.9375
Reed, Emily	91.125	Goeppinger, Helen	88.
Taylor, Bereien	90.875	Steven, Marvel	87.9375
Barry, Jean	90.	Baron, Ruth	86.833

Second Honor Roll: Students having a general average of 85, though below 85 in one or two subjects:

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Kinney, Marry	89.5625	Rogers, Elene	86.75
Snyder, Dessie	89.125	Harrison, Gene	86.625
Bower, Eugenia	88.5	Davis, Verne	86.333
Barnes, Josephine	88.25	Kernohan, Frances	86.25
Brearton, Mary	88.25	Reeves, Kathryn	86.25
Meyer, Wilhelmina	88.	Mershon, Dorothy	86.125
Coshun, Janice	87.75	Tyrrell, Kathryn	85.875
Thompson, Grace	87.75	Kuntadter, Marion	85.75
Girdey, Zola	87.625	Sherer, Darlene	85.6875
Smith, Rosalind	87.5	Carr, Julia	85.625
Sanders, Elizabeth	87.375	Ely, Anita	85.
Smith, Olive	87.125	Rose, Alice	85.375
Touzalin, Ruth	87.	Reeves, Agnes	85.3
Phelps, Elizabeth	86.875	Arosemna, Selma	85.25
Petrie, Kathryn	86.75	Snyder, M'Lisse	85.125
van Westrum, Elizabeth	86.625	Delatour, Ruth	85.





Elizabeth Percy Konrad Trophy

The Elizabeth Percy Konrad Trophy for Excellence in English, mentioned in the December *Record*, has been received and is displayed above the fireplace in the Lounge. It is a tall silver loving-cup of a beautiful design, on an ebony base. The cup is to be engraved each year with the name of the girl who has done the best work in the English department for that year.

Following are the rules under which the award will be made annually:

1. The trophy shall be awarded each year to a student in the College English department whose work during the year is most deserving of commendation.

2. A committee of three, appointed by the Dean, shall choose the student who is to receive the honor. One member of the committee shall be the head of the English department.

3. No student shall receive the trophy who has not been enrolled in the Frances Shimer School from the opening of the School year in September.

4. The trophy shall be awarded between the 20th of April and the 15th of May each year.

The trophy is not to be taken from the School premises.

6. The name of the student who is judged worthy of the trophy shall be engraved on the silver band on the base of the cup, together with the year.

7. This trophy shall be known as the "Elizabeth Percy Konrad Trophy for Excellence in English".

Mrs. Konrad, as Elizabeth Percy, was a student here in 1915-16, and now lives in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. "It has been a pleasure," she writes, "to renew my interest in the School in this way, and I sincerely trust the gift may serve its purpose well."

Our Financial Campaign

Prospects for the quarter of a million dollar drive to be very promising, according to Dean McKee. Rev. Allan H. Bissell has been

employed as financial engineer of the campaign, and will come here about the middle of March to open an office at the School and start the drive. Mr. Bissell will be here the greater part of the time, but there will be a manager in the office which will be entirely separate from the office of the Dean.

"No effort nor money will be spared in trying to make this campaign a successful one, and we certainly hope we may find many friends who are willing to show their friendship by contributing to our drive," says Dean McKee.

One-third of the money raised is to be used in new buildings, one of which we all sincerely hope will be a swimming-pool. The remaining two-thirds are to be put with our endowment fund. Another great improvement which is to be made is a residence for the Dean and Mrs. McKee. Construction on this will be begun very soon. It will be built on the lot directly across the driveway from Metcalf on the north end of the campus. Mr. C. A. Eestrom is the architect.

Metcalf's Revolution

The Library that was, is to be christened soon with a new name and used for a new purpose—the Dean's and Miss Fox's Office. The room itself is to be furnished, and will have a tile floor in brown and tan. What is to become of the Dean's old office? Oh yes; we forgot you do not know. That is to become the Banking Room. It is to be furnished just like a real bank, "iron cage 'n everything". Won't that be jolly? Miss Watkins is to move into a new realm soon, too. She is to occupy Miss Fox's old office, and her own old place of business is to be transformed into a Post Office. We think this the nicest part of all. There is an idea, as yet not fully decided upon, to buy up a number of post office boxes from the office down town, and bring them here for OUR post office. If we have these, there will be one for each room. We hope the decision is favorable, don't we?

The Girls That Have Left

A number of girls did not return the second semester. Among these are Elizabeth Turner who is expecting to go to Florida with her mother soon, and Marian Simpson, who will probably go to Northwestern. Sally Ann Bear is at home in Steamboat Rock, Iowa, and her former roommate, Margie Lou Boylan has gone back to the University of Oklahoma where she attended last year. Isabel Harris is at home in Evanston. She will go there to school for a few months, and then to California with her mother. Helen Merry and Katherine Reeves will enter the Iowa State Teachers' College at Cedar Falls in March. Harriet Greenwald is going to start at Chicago University in April. Madeline Arnold is ill at her home in Chinook, Montana. Lucille Branch has had an operation for appendicitis, but is expected to return in about two weeks. Ruth Beaudin has returned to her home in Butte, Montana, and Zolo Girdey has entered the University of Missouri.

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Examinations

The examinations for the first semester began on Wednesday morning, January 20, and lasted till Saturday. During these days, instead of regular gym work, there were hikes at 11:30. Fourteen girls were under each of the twelve leaders.

West Hall Party

The girls of West Hall were pleasantly entertained at a Valentine party given by Miss Parker, Miss Wardwell, Miss Chamberlain and Miss Rudebusch in the Lounge on Monday afternoon, February 15.

After the various games, the hostesses served dainty refreshments.

New Curtains

What little fairy brought the pretty new curtains to the school dining room in McKee Hall? We thank him, or her, anyway. It looks more home-like now and helps our appetites.

Good English Week

Shimer observed Good English Week with all due ceremony and pomp, befitting the dignity of such a time-honored institution. For one week Good English reigned supreme, and all the Shimerites bowed loyally under her regal sway. Obediently the great American slang was banished; "it don't" relegated to the lower depths; and such colloquialisms, as "I'm not proud" and "Mrs. Astor herself" were diligently avoided. For one short week, long to be remembered by our enduring Faculty, the school tongue was a thing of beauty.

The Quill Pen Club ushered in the eventful week with a clever little drama depicting the court of the potentate Good English where Mistress Grammar B—A—D, Miss Pronunciation, and other criminals were duly tried, and just punishment inflicted for their misdeeds. The next day the Green Curtain Dramatic Club presented an amusing event entitled "My Dear", in which the lovely heroine drove all about her to distraction by her repeated use of the meaningless epithet "My Dear". On the next day one of the clubs talented contemporaries read us an interesting one-act play "Nevertheless". Good English Week concluded with the burial of "English B—A—D and Slang", an original playlet was given by the college English class taught by Miss Miles.

Scientists tell us that reversion to type is the unavoidable fate of all things. Although we may relapse occasionally into our old careless habits; nevertheless Good English Week surely has left a little something with us, which will not be lost in the passage of time.

Grace Wood Jess, soprano, was heard in a concert of "visualized folk songs" on Wednesday evening, February 24. With the aid of careful costumes and a vividly dramatic personality, she brought before her audience the Spanish duenna, the Russian street singer, the old French priest, and the Kentucky mountaineer, with the songs of each. Miss Jess was accompanied by Raymond McFeeters at the piano.

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Vera Poppe, cellist, made her second appearance here in recital, December 10, assisted by Edna Swanson Ver Haar, contralto, and accompanied by Rudolph Wagner. The audience was enthusiastic in its appreciation of the work of these artists.

"A Single Man", a pleasant comedy, was presented by the College Sophomores Saturday evening, February 13. The story of the play had to do with the love affairs of a middle-aged bachelor-author, who finally marries his secretary. The leading parts were played by Charlotte Moore as the author, and Jessie Brown, as the secretary. Excellent comedy was brought in by the husband-hunter, Isabel Erzinger, and by the children, Dorothy Dawson, Gene Harrison, and Mercedes Brown.

Saturday Nights

On the first Saturday night in December we had an expression recital, which was enjoyed by everyone. Miss Berkstresser should be proud of her pupils.

The students of the Music Department gave a number of interesting selections in their Christmas recital on December 12.

On January the ninth we were to have a bob ride. Unfortunately there was no snow, so the evening was put into the hands of the Athletic Association. Shall we soon forget the unusual party given us in the gym? Each person represented some advertisement and the committee gave prizes for the most clever representations. There were also pantomimes, refreshments, and dancing.

On January the sixteenth the Diversion Club gave an informal dance in College Hall; a four-piece orchestra furnished the music. An evening rather unusual, but almost as much fun as a regular prom.

The faculty, after having practically worn us out with exams, atoned by entertaining us on Saturday night, January the twenty-third. Miss Shannon Mitchell, a graduate of our expression department in 1920, gave some very good readings. Afterwards, there was a reception and refreshments in College Hall. We always enjoy Faculty Night.

On January thirtieth Douglas Fairbanks was here in "Don Q". It was an unusually long movie, but so very realistic we could easily imagine ourselves in Spain with that brave and dashing hero. "Doug" was supported by an all-star cast.

On February sixth, we had open night. Some of us went to a movie, some to spreads, but most of us played basket ball in the gym. There was a game between College and McKee Hall teams, and one between West and Hathaway.

On February fourteenth the College Sophomore gave a very good play, with an all star cast. "A Single Man" scored a great hit, did it not?

The Washington prom, Saturday, February twentieth for which the Seniors were responsible, was one of the best of the year. A Plantation Prom it was, and one could easily imagine oneself transplanted into the very heart of the South—that is if one concentrated on the huge bales of

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cotton in the corners of the ball-room, the "nigger" colors in the decorations, the "hot" music and the real "colored" folks who performed in the special.

Vespers

We have had but one out of town speaker at vespers during the last three months, but we have had our regular first-of-the month talks by the Dean, which we always find interesting.

December 13—Miss Fortna read excerpts from "The Other Wise Man", and we sang Xmas carols. If we had not had the real serious Xmas feeling before that time, we acquired it then and there. Miss Fox officiated in the service.

January 10—Professor J. M. Smith of the U. of C. gave us an exceedingly interesting talk on "Humor in Religion". Too many people, he said, have the idea that to be religious one must always be gloomy and serious. He told us of various places in the Bible where humor had played a part. In short he gave us some vital things to think about. We all hope he may come again.

January 24—Miss Seidel had charge of Vespers. She discussed the origin and the authors of some of our well known hymns. She also played a violin solo, which we liked very much, and which made us wish she would play more often.

February 7—Miss Pollard gave an interesting account of the years she spent teaching in the Pi Beta Phi School at Gatlinburg, in the Tennessee Mountains. Before the invasion of that district by the Pi Beta Phi sorority, the mountaineers were absolutely uneducated.

February 14—Miss Thoreen had charge of Vespers, and as that day suggested love, she read and discussed excerpts from Henry Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in the World", based on First Corinthians, Chapter XVII. Her talk was brief but thought-provoking.

February 21—Miss Miles read several excerpts from the letters received from her brother Theodore during the years he spent in South America. Her tales of his encounters with savage Indians, who never before had encountered white men, thrilled us not a little. Miss Miles should be and undoubtedly is, proud of her brother.

February 28—Miss Parker had charge of the last vesper service of the month. She discussed the very important part that religion has played in works of the great poets of all times. She also read some religious poems, most of which dealt with the life and teaching of Christ.

College Sophomore Notes

At last! Sophomore privileges! Now that we have them, we are going to keep them. Nothing is too great for a College Sophomore to aspire to and attain—even "privs"! Nuf said!

On February 13, we gave "A Single Man" for our class play. The audience thoroughly appreciated the play, and it was even good enough for the basis of a talk in House Meeting the following Monday. We wish

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to thank Miss Berkstresser who worked so hard and courageously in the face of many difficulties.

Now that the basketball season is at hand, the Sophomores are out for practice and look forward to having a victorious team.

The big Prom of the year is the Sophomore Prom. Already steps have been taken to give Frances Shimer a truly representative spring function.

College Freshman Notes

At the close of the first semester, the Freshman Class lost several of its members. At first it was quite a blow but we soon recovered when we found the new girls who had come to join our ranks. These are Virginia Campbell of Oak Park; Lois Kennedy of Austin, Ill., who attended Gulf Park School last semester; Dena Schlies of Chicago; and Reine Baker of Denver, Colorado.

The class not only has its new members of whom to be proud, but it has a "rep" in athletics. Our president, Jane O'Boyle, holds Highest Honors in athletics, and Lucille Bowen is the champion hiker. Sharing no less honors are Ruth Howell and Beth Hower, who were two out of the three to receive the greatest number of points for gym work.

The class extends its sympathy to Ruth Touzalin, upon the death of her father, and to Emogene Chapman, who, owing to the death of her father, is remaining at home this semester.

Senior Class

Have you noticed something different about the Seniors lately? Hasn't their carriage been a little straighter and prouder, their steps a little more buoyant? Well, yes, it MAY be this nice spring weather, but since several of them have been caught glancing slyly down at something gold and white, fastened on the left sides of their dresses, we have had our suspicions—by the way, aren't those senior pins good looking?

To whom it may concern:—Never mind telling any unchaperoned Seniors who happen to be down at Katie's to run upstairs because a member of the faculty is coming. No, don't bother at all, for we may sit and chat with all the assurance in the world—you see, we have our "privs"!!!

Every member of the Senior Class is rooting loyally for the basketball team. With Grace Thompson as captain and Marguerite Fenske as manager, we should do nobly. Come on, Seniors!!!

Junior Class Notes

Vivian Riddell, the Junior president, resigned from office on Thursday, January 21, and Josephine Barnes was elected to fill her place.

And then! The new Juniors were royally entertained at a spread, Sunday night, January 31, in Hathaway Parlor. Everything was fine—"gobs" of cushions, "ukes", grate fires, and five marshmallows in every cup of hot chocolate. The new Juniors are surely welcome; for we are trying to acquire quantity as well as quality. Not so much more to tell now—but just you wait till that noble episode known as the Junior-Senior Banquet!!!

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Academy Sophomore Notes

On January 22, owing to the withdrawal from school of their former class president, Isabel Harris, the Academy Sophomores elected the following officers: President, Elizabeth van Westrum; Secretary, Rosalind Smith; Treasurer, Sarah Porter.

In order to show our gratitude to Isabel for all she has done for us during her presidency, we sent her a diary that she might keep notes of her new school days and her visit in California with her mother.

The Class entertained Miss Chamberlain January 11, at Katie's.

Academy Freshmen Notes

The Academy Freshman Class has three new members: Dorothy Freyer of Milwaukee; Lillian Klein of Chicago; and Edith Gaddis of Park Ridge. There are now twelve members in the class.

The Class gave a spread February seventh in honor of its new members. Every one enjoyed herself immensely, the pleasure being increased by the presence of Miss Luenzman as a guest.

Scattered Family Notes

Friends at Frances Shimer learned with regret of the death of Mrs. Mary Grose Smith on December 7, 1925, in her 83rd year, at her home in Morgan Park, Illinois. For some time she was a teacher in the School during the early seventies. She was one of two teachers of that time to return in June, 1921, with the Class of '71 to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation. Her radiant personality and charm of manner won many new friends for her. Mrs. Smith was the widow of the late Dr. Justin A. Smith, for many years editor of the Standard, now the Baptist. She was actively interested in the work of the church, of her community and in the wider denominational interests, up to the time of her death. She lived a long, active, and helpful life.

Marion Le Bron has recently composed a group of songs for a volume of Fairy Plays, "Gold Trees and Silver Trees", by Katherine Duncan Morse.

Elizabeth Percy Konrad, College '14-'15, has presented to the School a silver trophy which is to be awarded each year for excellence in English.

Joyce Gardner, '16-'17, of London, writes that she has been fortunate in having several articles and two stories accepted recently by English publishers. Friends in Frances Shimer are happy in her realization of hopes long cherished.

Corinne Bragg, ex-Faculty, is assistant librarian in Culver-Stockton College, Canton, Missouri.

Phyllis Marschall '24 appeared on the program of the Senior Recital at Emerson College of Oratory in Boston, reading Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan". She also played the leading part in Ben Johnson's "The Silent Woman", the seventeenth revival of old English comedy at Emerson.

Gladys Jacobson Austin, ex-Faculty, resides in Boston. She writes that she sometimes burns the dinner while reciting poetry to the kitchen sink. In November she was at Wells College, Aurora, New York, coach-

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ing Franz Molnar's "The Swan". She returned to the college in March to coach the caste that will present Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion".

Adele Randall Lawton, '94 is instructor in French in the High School of Bronxville, New York. During the coming summer she will conduct a party in Europe for Temple Tours.

Maude Blough, '94-'96, for many years the efficient and much-loved teacher of the primary grade in the Mt. Carroll public schools, died in February.

Mabel Richardson, '11-'13, is head of the Richardson Accounting Service, a firm of accountants, auditors, and income tax counselors of Chicago.

Ruth Miles Miller '18, after a year spent in Idaho, is again residing in Kent, Ohio, where her husband is Professor of Education and Director of Home Study at the State Teachers' College.

Frances Shimer friends extend sympathy to Emogene Chapman, College '25-'26, in the loss of her father, Dr. Horace R. Chapman, who died at the family home in Bennett, Iowa, on February 1, 1926. Dr. Chapman served for two terms as state senator in Iowa, and during that time he was a leader in revising the school laws of the state. He was a candidate for Lieutenant Governor of Iowa at the time of his death.

Maxine Smith, '23, who has been attending Rockford College for two years, is now teaching in the public schools of Rockford.

Pearl Kulp '20 graduated last June from the University of Wisconsin and is now directing plays for a producing company.

Ruth Stellhorn Mackensen '18 resides in Hartford, Conn., where she spends the morning in a day nursery where she is one of a group making some school tests on a group of two- and three-year-olds. She writes that it is more interesting and better than gym work for exercise. Other periods of the day she devotes to courses in Greek and Arabic.

Sue Weddell '03, who for six years has been metropolitan secretary of the Girl Reserves with headquarters in Chicago, went at the opening of the new year to the Y. W. C. A. headquarters, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York, as a member of the national staff.

Stella Grau Norton, '13-'14, resides in Winfield, Kansas, where her husband, Rev. Hal E. Norton, is pastor of the First Baptist Church.

The engagement of Evelyn Garvey '24 to Mr. Franklin Gilmore of Oak Park, was announced during the holidays.

Edna Gillogly, College '18, is librarian of the high school in Lancaster, Wisconsin, and is also Faculty Advisor for "The Main Spring", the school paper. She writes, "I heard from several F. S. S. friends at Christmas time. Blanche Fuller is still teaching in Toulon; Hertha Fulscher is married; Clara Fulscher is just completing her work for her M. D. degree; Wilma Slack Merrill is spending the winter with her parents in Wyoming, but she and her small daughter, Betty Lou, will join her husband in Chicago in the spring, where they expect to settle permanently. "She writes "I was surprised, on the first day of school last fall, to find that Frances

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Peterson was on the faculty of the high school here. She is teaching History."

Mildred Duke was married at her home in Monmouth, Illinois, on January 30, 1926, to Mr. Donovan Vance. At home, Roseville, Illinois, after March 1, 1926.

Ruth Touzalin was called home February 1 by the death of her father, Mr. C. A. Touzalin, following a long illness. All Frances Shimer friends sympathize with Ruth in her loss.

Della Hinshaw '23 and Madge Hinshaw '24 have been doing musical comedy work for the Orpheum Lyceum circuit.

The *Record* extends sympathy to Mary Blanchard '22 and Beulah '21 in the loss of their father, Dr. Blanchard, of Ozark, Illinois, who died in October. Mary is teaching science in the high school in Lake Stearns, Florida. Beulah is a Junior at Shurtleff College.

Eva Roberts '11 is doing Americanization work for the Los Angeles Public Schools. She writes that she frequently meets Hazel Evans Bixby '08, Laura Wolz Stocks '11, Hazel Hayden Davies '11, Gladys Smith '13, and Mary Joslin, '10-'11, all of whom reside in Los Angeles.

Frances Robert '11 is the head nurse in a sanatorium in Los Angeles.

Julia Brittain '12 continues her work in the Classical School in Rome. While in Florence during the fall she met quite by accident Beth Hostetter '02 and Jessie Campbell '07.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Doty (Ethel Ank '14) announce the arrival of their son, Harry Ank, at their home in Cashmere, Washington, on December 14, 1925.

Edna A. Howard, ex-Faculty, who now has a private studio in Cleveland, writes that she has many happy memories of her days at Frances Shimer.

Ruth Foster '15 is teaching English in the Rockford High School.

Ruby Worner '17 received the Ph. D. degree from the University of Chicago at the summer convocation and is now teaching Chemistry and Physics at the Oklahoma College for Women.

Priscilla Stohr Shipp '20 and her husband spent their first Christmas in the Y. M. C. A. headquarters at Seoul, Korea, where they are in service.

Beth McCallum '24 is studying at the Art Institute in Chicago.

Alta Sherrard '25 is studying at the Columbia School of Music, Chicago.

Doris Landborg '25, is a Junior in the College of Commerce at Northwestern University.

Edna Eastabrooks '24 is a Senior at the University of Wisconsin and is now planning to go to Bryn Mawr for graduate work next year.

Susan Congdon Hawkes arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rollen Hawkes (Eleanor Currie '18) on December 14, 1925.

Marjorie Graham '20 continues her work as instructor in History in the High School of Blue Island. She has already received the M. A. de-

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gree from the University of Iowa, and is working during the summer sessions toward the Ph. D. degree.

Ann Grimes '12 is a bond salesman for Merrill, Lynch and Company, New York City.

Esther Clark '15 is teaching in a junior high school in Rockford.

Friends at Frances Shimer have received greetings from Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Miles (Jessie Hall '87) from various points in their trip around the world. In March they will visit their niece, Helen Miles Strickler '10, who is teaching this year in Hilo, Hawaii.

Sarah Mackay Austin '02 writes as follows of her three interesting children: "Jane is our last surviving believer in Santa Claus, so this promises to be our last real Christmas. Thanks to Bob (her older brother) her faith is already tottering. "Chico" continues to have an all-absorbing passion for mythology, and Bob, against his better judgment, is enjoying school."

Constance Sargent Fenn writes that she is finding life in Pekin, China, most fascinating, and her days are crowded with language study, school duties, and housekeeping.

Shirley Deen is studying at the Southern Branch of the University of California in Los Angeles, where Frances Zangle is also a student.

Grace Tzien Hong Wong '22, who was graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music in June, is doing graduate work in Piano there this year.

Glee Hastings, ex-'12, is in charge of a Mental Hygiene Clinic at Greenwich House, the New York settlement down in the "Village" district. She is spending the year with Dr. and Mrs. Walter Wiese (Ruth Hastings '15). Dr. Wiese is on the staff of a Brooklyn hospital, and Ruth is teaching English in one of the high schools of Brooklyn.

Jeanne Boyd '09 was the only woman represented on the program of six American composers' works chosen for performance in the concert given in November by the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. It was the second of a series of programs devoted to unpublished scores of American composers.

Hazel Evans Bixby '09 writes from her home in Hollywood, California, "I wish that you could see our children. We have a wee adopted girl now four months old, and a big seven-year-old boy, also adopted."

Ruth Shannon Cumfer '16 came back to the School for a week-end in January and gave a delightful program of readings on Saturday evening, January 24.

Mary Fishburn Smith '19 writes that following her graduation from the New England Conservatory she studied for a year under Isador Philip in Paris and with Sauer in Vienna. Later she taught at Dennison, Colorado, and finally in Denver, where she is now settled. She and her husband have studios there, she teaching piano and he, voice. Mr. Smith was pupil of the late Jean de Reszki.

Elizabeth Sjolholm Utley '15 resides in Newburgh, New York. She has two small sons and a daughter.

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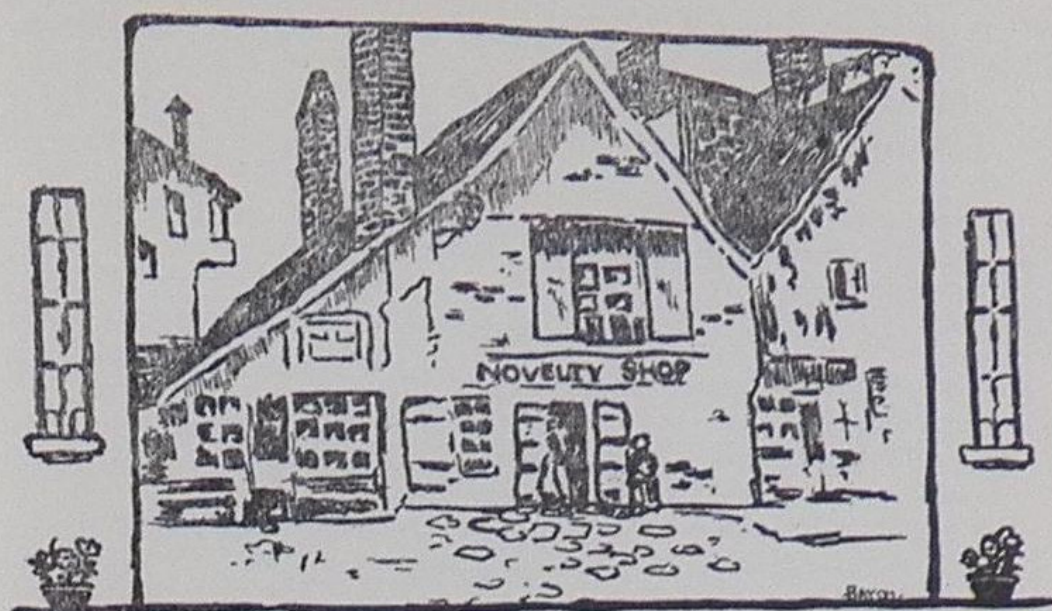
Lucille Deutsche '15 is studying at the Milwaukee Normal School in preparation for teaching. She writes, "I am most enthusiastic over my new project. There is so much to be done in the world and for the first time I feel I may be able to help."

Marriages

Madge Dynes '18 to Mr. Arthur J. Larson on December 28, 1925, Mt. Carroll, Illinois. At home, Waukegan.

Mary Fishburn '19 to Mr. Ben Henry Smith, on December 29, 1925, at Colorado Springs, Colorado.





Gert Dreesman—"Just imagine thirteen thousand seals used to make fur coats this year."

Marnie Sinclair—"Yes, isn't it wonderful what they can train animals to do in this present age?"

Conscientious Salesman—"Now here is a pair of pajamas that you will never wear out."

Mary Dunn—"Yes, they are a bit loud for street wear, aren't they?"

It is said that the Russian word for flunk is "Kynokospotsey". This is a case of being easier done than said.

Grace Thompson—"How divinely you do the Charleston."

Jane O'Boyle—"Can't help it. I've got knock-knees."

People who have been adjudged insane are sent to the asylum: the rest do the Charleston or jump rope.

Janice Cushon—"Wish I had a lover like a knight of old."

Jebbie Bitler—"You would soon get tired of sitting on a cast iron knee."

Pat Kennedy—"Do you have a copy of the Bible on hand?"

Helen Grobben—(Absent-mindedly) "Who's it by?"

Our idea of a considerate teacher is one who talks you to sleep; then wakes you up five minutes early so you won't be late to your next class.

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Helen MacDonald—"How many pieces of that candy do I get for a cent?"

Clerk—"Oh, two or three."

Helen MacDonald—"I'll have three, please."

Liz Sanders—"How can I avoid falling hair?"

Fran Kernohan—"Jump out of the way."

"A Psalm of Life"

My teacher is my bother
I shall not pass
She maketh me to conjugate my verbs
And showeth all my ignorance unto the class
She reporteth my absence
She driveth me into the realm of uneasiness
For education's sake.
Yea, tho' I crack the book forever
I cannot learn
For she is on to me.
Her lectures and exams they baffle me
She maketh a fool of me forever
Before my best "girl chum."
She covereth my grade card with zeros
My school days run shorter
Day after day.
But I shall remain in this school forever.

Exchanges

THE HADINITE—Hardin College, Mexico, Missouri—A Fine, "peppy" magazine published once a month by a girls' college. Good work, Hardin. Keep it up and come again!

THE EDISON SPOTLIGHT—Long Beach, California. Considering the fact that your critic was ill just before your January issue, we think the magazine extremely good, but watch the printer for type errors.

THE KLAXON—Wayland Academy, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. One paper that is always interesting. Your book reviews are good.

THE UNDUSTRIAL STUDENT—Camp Hill, Alabama. One of the most interesting school papers in the Exchange list.

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